LIME KILN CLUB.

The Evil Effects of Theories Upon Every-Day Affairs Practically Illustrated by Brother Gardner.

"Am Kurnel Paradox Johnson in de hall dis eavenin'?" blandly inquired Brother Gardner, as the regular weekly meeting opened on the forty-seventh degree, in due and regular shape.

The "Kurnel" arose. He was there. Some time ago he invented the theory that Canada thistles could be cultivated to bear mustard plasters, and his countenance now betrayed the fact that he expected to be patted on the back and ordered to take the stool of honor, under the Bear Traps.

"Kurnel Johnson will please step dis way," continued the President, and the Kurnel advanced to the front, bestowing a look of three-ply contempt on Hon. Erastus Furlong, as he passed him.

"Brudder Johnson," said the President, as the victim stood before him with folded arms, "I want to spoke to you in de plainest English language. I l'arn dat you hev' invented a theory?"

"Yes, sah."

"It has bin a long time workin' up to a climax, hasn't it?"

"'Bout a y'ar, sah."

"I thought so. It was 'bout a y'ar ago dat I noticed you quit work, an' began to sot around on de curbstone. You didn't cotch on to dis theory widout a hard struggle, did you?"

"No, sah. It jist almoas' upsot my mind."

"I thought so. I remember when you gin up de curbstone fur saloon society. Later on you began to play 'craps' an' policy. Towards de last agony of your struggle you begun to shake dice an' buy lottery tickets on de money your wife airned at the wash-tub. Inventin' a theory am powerful hard work, Brudder Johnson."

"Yes, sah,"

"It am so hard dat your wife an' chill'en am now beggin' fur bread an' ole clothes, while you am in debt to everybody who'd trust you, and your landlord am gwine to frow you out o' de house."

"I—I is sorry, sah, but I couldn't help it."

"Brudder Johnson!" said the President, in a voice which made Elder Toots shiver like a faded burdock in a winter's gale, "I want to say to you an' to all other members of dis club frew you, dat no cull'd man in America has any bizness wid a theory—an original theory. If white folks has got time 'nuff an' money 'nuff to loaf around and diskiver—in deir own minds—dat de moon am full of jackasses which gallop up and down, or dat the Norf star contains a race of people who walk on deir heads an' feed demselves wid deir toes, dat's all right. De problem wid de cull'd man am, fust, bread an' butter; second, house rent and raiment; third, sich eddicashun as will enable him and his'n to write an' receive letters; keep posted on current events; figger up how much a week's wages comes to at a dollar a day; realize dat de Atlantic am upon one side of us an' de Pacific de odder, an' hev de sense to go to de polls and wote for honest, decent candidates. I shan't fine you, an' I doan't want to expel you, but you will retire to de ante-room with Giveadam Jones fur de space of ten minits. If you hold to any part'cular theory arter he gets frew wid you it will be sunthin' you am perfeckly welcome to."

When the "Kurnel" returned to the hall after the "proceedings" he was a changed man. One coat tail was entirely missing, the other badly battered, and his general appearance was that of a man who had met the tail end of a cyclone in a country where there was nothing to hang to.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BIRDS IN ARIZONA.

The Shrewd Manner in Which the Road-Runner Destroys Snakes.

Although not especially an enthusiast in regard to birds, my attention has been attracted to the great variety here. One of the most remarkable kinds is known by the unpoetic title of road-runner. The name is certainly well deserved, as it is a veritable tramp; but unlike the human species of the same profession, it is neither feared nor detested. On the contrary, this feathered tramp of the desert is respected, and its person guarded, by all classes. The Indians regard the bird as sacred, and to injure it would be deemed sacrilege. Its great popularity is derived from its inveterate hatred of reptiles, on which it wages relentless and successful war. The rattlesnake and all other poisonous kinds are its especial aversion. Its mode of attack on its enemy is as peculiar as the dislike it exhibits. Being ever on the alert for conquest, it "catches its game napping," and seldom fails to secure an easy victory. The customary sleeping hours of the snakes are when the scorching sun has rendered the rocks and sand too hot to allow it to travel with comfort. Seeing its victim in its half-stupid coil from whence it is not easily aroused, the bird commences cutting off twigs, of the most thorny species of cactus, which grows everywhere in profusion. When a sufficient number of limbs is secured, they are rapidly carried and quietly dropped in a circle about the reptile. This work is continued until the fence is considered strong enough to serve the intended purpose; and such is the dread of the serpent for the sharp prickers on the cactus limbs and leaves that it is said to prefer death from starvation rather than to attempt to escape through the circle of thorns, which bristle at it from every direction. Although the snake is frequently known to die in these enclosures from heat and famine, it more frequently falls a prey to hawks and eagles who take advantage of its helplessness and carry it off. In size the road-runner is nearly twice as large as a pigeon, is of a dark brow color, medium legs, with strong beak well adapted to cutting off twigs, and a very long fan-like tail. Unlike the crow and some other birds who perform a good service to the farmer by destroying worms and bugs that make inroads upon his crops, and then turn and collect tribute, this serpent-hating bird asks nothing in return for services. It is no doubt conscious of having done a good deed, and is satisfied with having done its duty.

The large spotted mocking-bird is also well represented among the feathered tribes that congregate here. These and white-tailed pigeons are musical rivals, and their musical concerts are continuous through the day and night. The notes of the former, however, are by far the most musical, those of the pigeon being more a wail than a song. Why so many beautiful birds should congregate at such an uninviting spot, where timber and water are scarce, and the general means of subsistence apparently meager, is a question for those versed in ornithology to decide.—*Picachio (A. T.) Cor. N. Y. Post.*

A COMPOSER'S MUSIC.

How Mendelssohn Drew Delightful Notes from a Despised Fiddle.

Mendelssohn delighted in the open air and beautiful scenery. When he was twenty, he staid for some time at Chester, where he was entertained by a Mr. Taylor. He loved afterward to tell of the charm which the meadow and brook, the trees and grass had for him there. He spent much time in sketching and painting; but his head was full of music, and everything suggested a musical idea to him. He was very fond of carnations, and he set a bunch of them to music in the album of a daughter of his host, with a drawing of the flowers over the notes; not forgetting to set some delicate arpeggios in the music for the scent of the flowers. On seeing the younger sister with some bell-shaped flowers in her hair, he said that the fairies might dance on the trumpets, and he set them to a capriccio. He never tired of merry-making, and one afternoon toward dusk, he, with a number of young people, was one of a happy young company that was picnicking in a thicket. Some one gayly proposed a fire; and all began to drag the boughs and twigs into place, so that soon they had a fine bonfire. While still lingering around it, Mendelssohn began to ask for some music, but nothing could be found save a worn-out fiddle of the gardener's. Mendelssohn, all undismayed, began to play, his auditors shouting with laughter at his performance; but soon there was a hush in the chat and sport, and the whole party sat spell-bound at the lovely music which he drew from even that despised fiddle. He would sit for hours, improvising dance-tunes, and liked nothing better than to entertain his friends with his music. He always looked back on his visit to Chester as one of the brightest spots in a bright life.—*Agatha Tunis, in St. Nicholas.*

Not a Swindler.

"Out in the country," said a traveling man, "a note is a big thing. Country merchants take notes from farmers for supplies of groceries, and implement dealers acquire big boxes full of I O U's. In some sections of the West everything is done by note, to be paid 'after harvest.'" Out in Western Iowa the other day I came across a country storekeeper, a German. I sold him a small bill of goods and took his note for the amount. That note is as good as wheat. It will be paid on the very day it falls due. While I was there a man came in and says:

"'Jake, did you sell your bay horse to that chap who pretended to be a lightaing-rod dealer?'

"'Yah,' replied the storekeeper.

"'Did you get cash for him?'

"'Not von cent.'

"'Just as I thought. That lightning-rod peddler is a swindler. He has sold your bay horse for eighty dollars cash and skipped the country. You'll lose every cent of it.'

"But Jake didn't seem to be alarmed. He laughed and chuckled, saying:

"'Dot vos a good choke. He sell dat horse for eighty tollar, ven he pay me a huntert and vorty. It vos in great schape I tooked him in already.'

"'But you have been cheated out of your horse. The man is a swindler.'

"'Sheated? Svindler? I guess not. Ain'd I got his note for a huntert and vorty tollars?'"—*Chicago Herald.*

A Jovial People.

"All life is a joke to the Japanese," says Lieutenant Wyckoff, of the Hydrographic Bureau, who lived in Japan for five years. "During all that time I never saw any one angry. I hardly believe that they could lose their tempers if they should try. They can kill or be killed with the most perfect savoir faire. The trades people will cheat you out of your eyes if you let them, and a good many would rather lie than tell the truth. But there really is no malice in it all. If you find them out they will simply laugh in your face, as if to say they thought they were clever in trying to take you in, but that you were still more clever in catching them. I was personally acquainted with all the Cabinet, who really constitute the ruling power. They carry on the Government as if it were a big piece of fun. The Micado is the only one who is expected to look at life gravely, and he makes up in his existence for the levity of all his subjects. He is so completely secluded that he may be said to live in a tomb. Altogether, Japan is a delightful place to live in, and American and English naval officers who go there always hate to leave. Aside from the charm of the country and climate, I put its people, for hospitalisy, warmth and cheeriness, against any Nation on earth."—*Chicago Sun.*

An Inattentive Listener.

Husband (impatiently)—Is there a pencil about the house? On my way up town to-night on a street car a very clever thought occurred to me, but having no pencil to note it down with, I lost it.

Wife (singing the baby to sleep)—Hush my bay-bee—did you speak to the conductor about it?—hush my bay—

Husband (sarcastically) — Did—I—speak—to—the—conductor—about—it?

Wife—(too intent on the baby to notice sarcasm)—Yes—hush my bay-bee—or get the number of the car?

Husband (mad)—When you get that confounded baby to sleep, perhaps you'll listen to what I'm talking about.—*N. Y. Sun.*

WEIGHING WOOD.

The Strength of Various Kinds of Wood—How to Estimate Lumber.

How many people know the weight of common woods or their hardness? The hardest of all woods is the shell-bark hickory; the least hard of woods for ordinary use is white pine. Next below hickory comes oak and ash in hardness. Cedar is not very hard. Wild cherry comes about half-way between hickory and white pine. A cord of hickory weighs over forty-four hundred pounds, while a cord of white oak weighs but little over eighteen hundred pounds. Suppose you are going to ship lumber on the railroad where they may charge you so much per hundred pounds; it is important to know the weight of the lumber you order. For every thousand feet of seasoned lumber in ash you have 3,550 pounds. In oak not much more, or 3,675 pounds. Hickory, however hard, does not weigh when seasoned as much as pitch pine or even maple. Suppose you build a chimney and want to know the number of bricks it will take. If your chimney is sixteen inches square and the flue eight inches square, it will take thirty bricks for every foot of height in the chimney. The largest timbers required in a house are the sills, and these are not often larger for ordinary houses than seven inches by eight. Posts to correspond may run four inches by six, the tie-beams run about four by seven, and the rafters four by five. A great many people do not know how to estimate lumber in any form. The basis of lumber is called board measure. One foot in board measure is a board one foot long, one foot high or wide, and one inch thick. Therefore one thousand feet of lumber can be imagined to be a board an inch thich and a foot wide and long, multiplied by one thousand. Plank measure is based upon board measure, and a plank differs from a board in being of any width whatever. A board twenty feet long and one foot wide will contain twenty feet of lumber, but a plank two inches wide and the same length as the board will contain forty feet of lumber. When you come to hewed timber that is sold by the solid cubic foot, and if you look at such timber in the board yard you will find it marked at the end in Roman characters to correspond with the number of cubic feet in it. If you require pieces of timber twenty feet long and two inches by ten wide and thick, such as make girders, only thirty of them will make one thousand feet of lumber, board measure. So if you are buying some of the expensive woods for hard-wood joists, for example, which cost, perhaps, $50 to $60 per thousand, you may estimate to pay that sum for thirty joists, or, say, $2 a piece. The stiffest lumber is American oak, which is 14 per cent. stiffer than English oak; whereas in strength it is four per cent. weaker, and in resistance is thirty-six per cent. weaker. The most resisting American wood is beech, and it is also very strong, but for stiffness it counts below elm, or yellow pine or larch. Stiffness is that quality in a girder, for example, which makes it hold firm, however weak it may be or incapable of standing a sudden shock. In short, it is like stiffness in a man, who may not be able to strike out with his arm or resist being upset. The least stiff of our building woods is cedar, but it has a very high power of resistance, greater than English oak or yellow pine, while in strength it falls very low among the woods.

Referring again to the weight of lumber, a cubic foot of water weighs over sixty-two pounds, while a cubic foot of dry oak only weighs thirty-nine pounds. A cubic foot of water weighs some five pounds less than green oak. It is the water in the unseasoned lumber which makes the weight. Dry mahogany weighs only fifty-three pounds to the cubic foot, or about nine pounds less than water. This is manifest because dry mahogany will float in water. A circular saw cutting lumber, if it is twelve inches in diameter, revolves three thousand times in a minute. It is said that the rim of a circular saw travels two miles a minute. While water weighs sixty-two and a half pounds per cubic foot and seasoned pine only weighs half as much, brick weighs just twice as much. If you want to build a fence five boards high, a quarter of a mile long, it will take thirty-three hundred feet board measure.—*Gath, in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Young Doctor's Dread.

In conversation with a doctor he said to me: "Do you wish to know the greatest source of worriment to a young practitioner? It is that he will be called to save a poisoned person. There are so many sorts of poison, the symptoms are so intricate, and the antidotes so varied, that it is almost impossible to keep them in one's head by merely theoretical learning. Actual experience impresses knowledge on a doctor, and an old man has accumulated a stock in that way, but the youngsters don't have it within sudden reach. In the ordinary routine of practice we can delay treatment long enough to look into a text-book or to consult with some kind old chap in the profession; but when we are hastily summoned to the side of a patient with poison in his stomach, the nature of which can only be determined by symptoms, and whose life can only be saved by quick dosing with the right drug, the responsibility is something frightful. What do I do? I carry in an inner pocket a thin book containing a summary of poisons, symptoms and antidotes. That is a common practice with young doctors, and a few old ones, too." The liability to summons as a witness in court after attending to a poisoning case makes physicians additionally alert and anxious. That lends terror to the risk of mistakes, and the remark of my friend was doubtless sincere: "I'd rather hire a substitute at five times the fee I am going to get every time I'm called to a poisoned patient."—*Utica Observer.*

—"Lay the cat on lightly, please," said the Delaware wife-beater to the Sheriff, who was about to apply the lash to his back; "lay it on lightly and you will soothe my angry feelings." "Soothe your angry feelings?" said the Sheriff. "Yes; a soft tan, sir, turneth away wrath."—*Boston Courier.*

WRINKLES.

If Scientifically Considered a Man's History Can Be Written from Them.

An Italian scientist, M. Mantegazza, has recently written a study on the science of wrinkles. He believes that a man's history can be written from his wrinkles. Entering into a description of the different varieties and their meanings, he says that those across the forehead are found even in children who are rickety or idiots. Going in the sun with the face insufficiently covered brings them on prematurely. But they are in every case normal at forty, or even earlier. Verticle wrinkles between the eyes come quickly to men who study or who worry themselves. This can readily be imagined; the eyebrows contract naturally when in deep thought; grief or worry produces the same action, which, when repeated frequently, produces a fold in the skin, marking emotion undergone many times. One of the rules of the Jesuits was that the eyebrows were not to be contracted. This was excellent from a moral point of view, and it was also excellent to prevent wrinkles between the eyes. Between these and the straight lines on the forehead already mentioned, come the arched wrinkles of the forehead, found above the roof of the nose. These often tell of long and cruel physical suffering, or of still more painful mental torture. They arise from a great development of the vertical wrinkles and the resistance of the skin above. The crow's-feet mark the fortieth year. They are especially detested by ladies, says M. Mantegazza; and he forthwith relates an anecdote of a lady who succeeded in keeping off the dreaded visitation long after it was due by the expedient of using springs to keep the skin stretched at night at the corners of the eyes. These wrinkles are characterized by furrows which diverge from the external angles of the eye in all directions, like the claws of the bird from which they are named. The wrinkles of the nose are less frequent and less noticeable, and appear in old age. Those which descend from the nostrils down each side of the mouth (the *rides naso labiales*) are perhaps the first to appear. The reason is simple. These furrows are created in laughing or mastication; a simple smile is sufficient to produce them; so it is not surprising the repetition of the commonest acts should soon be graven on the face. They are also hereditary. M. Mantegazza had them when he was twenty-two years of age, and his children had them from their earliest years. The wrinkles of the cheeks and chin follow the oval of the face, and are caused by a diminution of the fatty substance under the skin, which then falls into folds. The smaller wrinkles which form a network in the lower part of the cheeks near the ears have the same origin, and only appear in old age. Those found in the upper eyelids, and sometimes in the lower, which give the eyes an air of fatigue, are the results of hard living, grief or worry.—*Christian Union.*

MALARIA AND FORESTS.

The Cutting Down of Forests Helpful to the Reclamation of Malarious Regions.

Sometimes a twofold drainage of the upper, as well as the under, aspect of the soil may be practiced—that is, draining the subsoil and increasing the evaporation of the surface water. The cutting down of forests in malarious countries has often proved an excellent means of amelioration; because, by removing every obstacle to the direct action of the sun's rays on the surface of the soil, its humidity during the warm season is sometimes entirely exhausted. In spite of universal experience of this fact, a school originating with the great Roman physician, Lancisi, has sustained the contrary, counseling the maintenance and even the extension of forests in malarious countries. Lancisi was completely possessed with the "palustral prejudice," and believed that the malaria generated in the Pomptine Marshes, and attacking such townships as Cisterna, was intercepted, if only partially, by the forests between, and he therefore opposed the cutting down of the trees and recommended increased planting. He did not know that the malaria was already in the soil and covered by the forest in question. Some thirty years ago the Caetani family, to whom Cisterna belongs, cut down the forest, and twenty years thereafter Dr. Tommasi-Crudeli was able to show that the health of the neighborhood had greatly improved in consequence. A commission appointed by the Minister of Agriculture investigated the whole subject of the coexistence of woods with malaria, and in its report issued in 1884 completely disproved the theory of Lancisi and confirmed that of Dr. Tommasi-Crudeli.

Absorbent plants have been suggested and used as a means of drawing humidity from the soil, not without success in certain countries really malarious. The prejudice that the malaria is due to the putrescent decompositions of the soil has, in Italy, led to the choice of the *Eucalyptus globulus* as the tree best adapted to combat the poison, the idea being that the eucalyptus, which grows very rapidly, dries the humid earth, and at the same time by the aroma of its leaves destroys the so-called miasmata. No genuine instance of the eucalyptus having succeeded in its allotted task is yet known to Dr. Tommasi-Crudeli, though he does not say that its success is impossible. Had its Italian patrons studied its action in its native Australia, where it flourishes much better than in Italy, they would have known that there are eucalyptus forests in those latitudes where malaria is very prevalent, as has been shown by Prof. Liversidge, of the University of Sydney.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

—"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Daubwell, "what a clever man that Mr. Fogg is! He is really quite a physiognomist. I was telling him last evening that I had become quite proficient in painting, and he said: 'I was sure of it madame, your face shows it.'" Chorus—"Indeed."—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Mrs. De Silva is so poetical!" observed Mrs. Brown to her husband. "She calls her new dress 'dreams.'" "A very good name for them," responded Mr. Brown, "for her husband always speaks of the bills as 'night mares.'"

IMPROVE THE FARM.

Large Tracts of Land Not as Profitable as Properly Conducted Small Farms.

Farmers want more land. They seem possessed with an ambition to have their boundary lines circumscribe as many acres as possible. They seem to think that the advice given by the old lady to her husband, in Edward Eggleston's story of the Hoosier schoolmaster, when he was about to buy land after they had gotten to "Injianne," to "git a plenty while you're a gitten," is good enough to be improved upon; and so they not only get as much as they can when first buying a farm, often making a cash payment which would have paid for a small but large enough farm, then run into debt for two or three times more land than is actually needed. Then, after years of pinching economy, and they have succeeded in paying for their first purchase and have gotten a little cash or stock ahead, instead of using their means to improve their farm, and make things more tidy and home like, put up better, more convenient and comfortable buildings, put music, pictures, books, papers, good stoves, washing machines, etc., into their houses, they simply go and buy more land. Of course this is not always true, and the tendency is not so strong that way as it was a few years ago. Yet there is much room for improvement in this direction.

As a rule our farms are too large. There are some conditions under which extensive farming pays; and arguments may be advanced in support of large farms. To run farms of five hundred or one thousand acres successfully and profitably requires a capital so large that but few farmers can command it. It also calls for an executive ability rarely met with in any calling of life.

The idea that any fool can farm must and is giving away, even in regard to the small farms; and the time will come when it will be found and admitted that to successfully manage a thousand acre farm on an intensive system will require man to be fitted for his work by natural endowments and long and careful preparation.

Problems connected with agriculture are among the most serious and momentous of the age. The wants of the world for food and clothing are ever increasing. These must be supplied by the farmer, and in adequate quantities, or there is suffering. To meet this demand the farmer must be recompensed so that he can live comfortably and happily, so that he may maintain and improve his intellectual condition, so that he may keep up with the onward march of civilization. But while he is to be thus recompensed his products must be given to the world at such prices as will enable mankind to buy. To accomplish these ends will require a more careful system of farming than we have been wont to employ. It will admit of no wastes, and call for the use of all our resources.

We as a people have been spreading over this continent at such a rate that there seems to be but comparatively little land left for occupation. But we are spread too thin. If the 50,000,000 of people of the United States were occupying less than half the area they are now, and the agricultural and manufacturing resources properly developed, they would be better off and the country would be richer. The income from our farms could easily be doubled, and in doing that their value would be largely increased. While farmers are desiring and adding more acres to their farms, they are not using what they already have and have been fencing and paying taxes on for years. It is hardly possible to go onto a farm, where the land is at all broken, without seeing more or less land lying idle which might be made as profitable as any on the farm with a little extra work. If a slough runs through a field, it is allowed to take its winding, tortuous course, occupy a strip of land from one to three rods wide in the richest part of the field, on which nothing but rank weeds and briers can grow. Such a strip of land is unsightly; it is a nursery ground for the propagation of noxious weeds; it affords a harbor for destructive insects and vermin, and it takes just as much to fence it as any part of the field, is taxed as high, and the slough does not answer the purpose of a water-way as well as it might be made to. The course of the run should be made as nearly straight as possible so that a team can be driven along side; or if the fall is not too great, the run can be made broad and shallow so a team can walk over it. Then if it is seeded with redtop or blue grass, all washing will be prevented. The slough then will serve as a drain much better than when its course is so winding and choked up with weeds, and need not occupy more than four or five feet of land.

Besides these there may be seen, on many farms, patches of brush or grubs, worthless for any purpose, but simply encumbering the ground.

Would it not be well, instead of buying more land, to try and improve and make available that on which interest and taxes are being paid?

Even if no more land is to be bought an effort should be made to make the farm as paying as possibly by having it all in use. Now after the summer's work is over put the men and teams at work on such improvements. It will pay if the farm is still to be cultivated, and it will pay if it is to be sold.—*Coleman's Rural World.*

"Mother Goose."

All may not know that Mother Goose was a real person. But it is said she was born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1665, and married a widower by the name of Goose, who had ten children. Six other goslings were added to the flock, and one of these married Thomas Fleet, a printer by trade. In course of time Grandmother Goose went to live with this son-in-law, and from morning till night she made up the now familiar rhymes and sang to his children, much to their delight, but to the annoyance of everybody else. Finally Mr. Fleet conceived the idea of printing her ditties, and the book was issued in 1719, with this title: Mother Goose's Melodies and Rhymes for the Nursery. So the annoyance to the old lady's grown-up friends has turned out to be a joy to thousands of children for more than a century and a half.—*Congregationalist.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—The garden should not be neglected in the rush of other work.

—A little borax in the water for washing flannels and knit garments is far preferable to soap.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The value of a horse in his old age depends to a great extent upon the treatment it receives while young.

—The dwarf varieties of peas are the best to sow for a succession in the summer, as the taller kinds are slow in maturing and filling out the pods.—*Troy Times.*

—Vinegar Pie: Three spoonfuls of vinegar, two spoonfuls of flour, heaped some, two-thirds cup of water or a little more, one cup of sugar, a few raisins, a little butter. Flavor if you like.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Mirrors should be cleaned with soft paper instead of cloth. This advice is not new, but may nevertheless prove useful, seeing that cloth is still often used, with its usual accompaniment of lint and trouble.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Boiled Indian Pudding: One cup sweet milk, part cream, sour milk or buttermilk; three tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one cup of meal, one cup flour. Dried fruit if you like. Steam one and a half hours.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Cold Pickle: One dozen good-sized cucumbers, sliced on a potato-slicer, as many onions as will make one-fourth the quantity of cucumber, also sliced; sprinkle salt over these and let them stand for three hours; then add half a cupful of olive oil, one tablespoonful of celery seed, one of mustard seed and a scant quart of vinegar.—*The Caterer.*

—Soda Biscuit: Sift into one quart of flour two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar; half teaspoonful of salt; add to it four tablespoonfuls of thick cream or (if you have not cream) one tablespoonful of lard and the same of butter; cup and a half of sweet milk; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in the milk; work well together; mold into biscuit with the hands. Do not let them touch when in the baking tin; bake in a quick oven.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Nice Griddle Cakes: Two cupfuls cold boiled rice, one pint flour, one teaspoonful sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one egg, little more than one-half pint milk. Sift together flour, sugar, salt and powder; add rice free from lumps, diluted with beaten egg and milk; mix into smooth batter. Have griddle well heated, make cakes large, bake nicely brown, serve with maple sirup.—*The Household.*

—To stiffen and glaze collars, etc., melt a lump of borax in half a wineglass of hot water, mix it in cold white starch; have the things dry before starching them, then starch well once only. Place the collars and cuffs singly in a towl with a fold of it between each row; roll up each shirt tightly, have a box-iron ready and iron at once very quickly. The heater should be red-hot, and, if kept moving quickly, will not scorch. Each article as finished to be placed close to the fire.—*Boston Globe.*

THE USE OF SCRAPS.

Some Leaks in American Household Economy.

A French woman will prepare a good dinner from the remains of yesterday's meal, that the average American housewife would use as a plain lunch or a side-dish for breakfast. Christine Terhune Herrick says that the cause of waste is due not so much to the extravagance of the housewife as to the ignorance. She says: "The dainty utilization of scraps is a subject that well repays the thoughtful study of any housewife, and even the least original cook can often 'evolve from their inner consciousness' an appetizing dish from cold fragments that at first sight appear utterly unpromising. In this matter, however, the mistress must generally depend upon her own brains. Few hirelings have the keen interest in their employers' welfare that would urge them to save a couple of pennies here and five or six there. Fewer still, with the best intentions in the world, know how to do it, or appreciate that it is in the minor economies that true saving consists. What difference does it make if those scraps of cold bacon left from breakfast are summarily disposed of in the swill-barrel, or if that bit of corn beef—too small to appear upon the table again—is bestowed upon the first basket-beggar who presents himself? And if these escape that fate from the extra conscientiousness of the housekeeper, they are too often converted into the ubiquitous hash. Hear how one caseful housewife disposed of similar remnants: To the corn beef and bacon, minced fine, she added half as much cold mashed potato, one raw egg, a little chopped onion and parsley, and with croquettes made of these, rolled in flour and fried in nice dripping, provided an appetizing dish that was quite sufficient, when accompanied by stewed potatoes and bread and butter, to make a lunch for three people. Another dainty dish, which appeared upon a friend's table, was formed from even less promising materials. Her dinner the day before had been a stuffed chicken boiled with rice. Examination of the pantry revealed the carcass of the fowl, with one leg attached to it, and a couple of spoonfuls of the cold rice. Nothing daunted, however, the valiant housekeeper advanced to the charge, and, with the aid of a small, sharp knife, removed more meat from the bones than one would at first have believed possible. This was cut—not chopped—in small pieces and set aside with the rice and half of the dressing, while the bones, the rest of the stuffing and a little minced onion were put over the fire in two cups of cold water. When a slow, steady simmer of a couple of hours had reduced this one-half, it was cooled, strained, skimmed and slightly thickened with browned flour, then returned to the fire with the fragments of meat, rice, etc., brought to a boil, poured over crustless squares of fried bread laid on a hot platter, and garnished with parsley. The result was a savory salmi, whose scrappy origin no one would have suspected."—*Christian Union.*